

The Splingee

Sara Bareilles

From Tokyo to the Amazon
Paris, France, to your front lawn
Everybody's doin', everybody's doin'
The Splingee
The Splingee? Dope, but how?

Whoa, whoa
First you grab your ear, what's that noise?
Shimmy shimmy, shake it down to the ground
Two-handed salute
Then back it up, back it up, back it up
Back it up, back it up, back it up
Back it up, back it up, back it up
Whoa, whoa
Then you whip your hair, like watch me now, snappy snappy
Figure eights with your waist, wink with two eyes
Then shrug it out, shrug it out, shrug it out
Pop your hip, front dip, jacket zip, hat tip
Chef's kiss, doggy wrist
You can't handle this
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, you got it now
You're starting to Splingee
Take a breath and stretch it out
'Cause it's just beginning

Next you get all shy like
You wanna cry, but it's just an act
You're not shy, eyes are dry
Now feature your butt
Then spin it 'round, spin it 'round, spin it 'round
Spin it 'til you hear the sound (Ding!)
That wasn't the sound
Keep on spinning (Meow)
Yeah, that was the sound
You can safely stop
So you can start to trucker-horn
Chop then walk back
Sexual, waggy waggy
Kick-ball-change, but deranged
Grind up on a ghost
Then shake it out, shake it out, shake it out
Jog in place, frame your face, give chase, first base
Show some lace, robot pace, go ahead and flip your space

Yeah yeah yeah, you've all got it now
That's the thingy
Only thing left to do is repeat it two more times to make one complete Splin
gee
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Dope!